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FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
Production

NO. 18
NOV.
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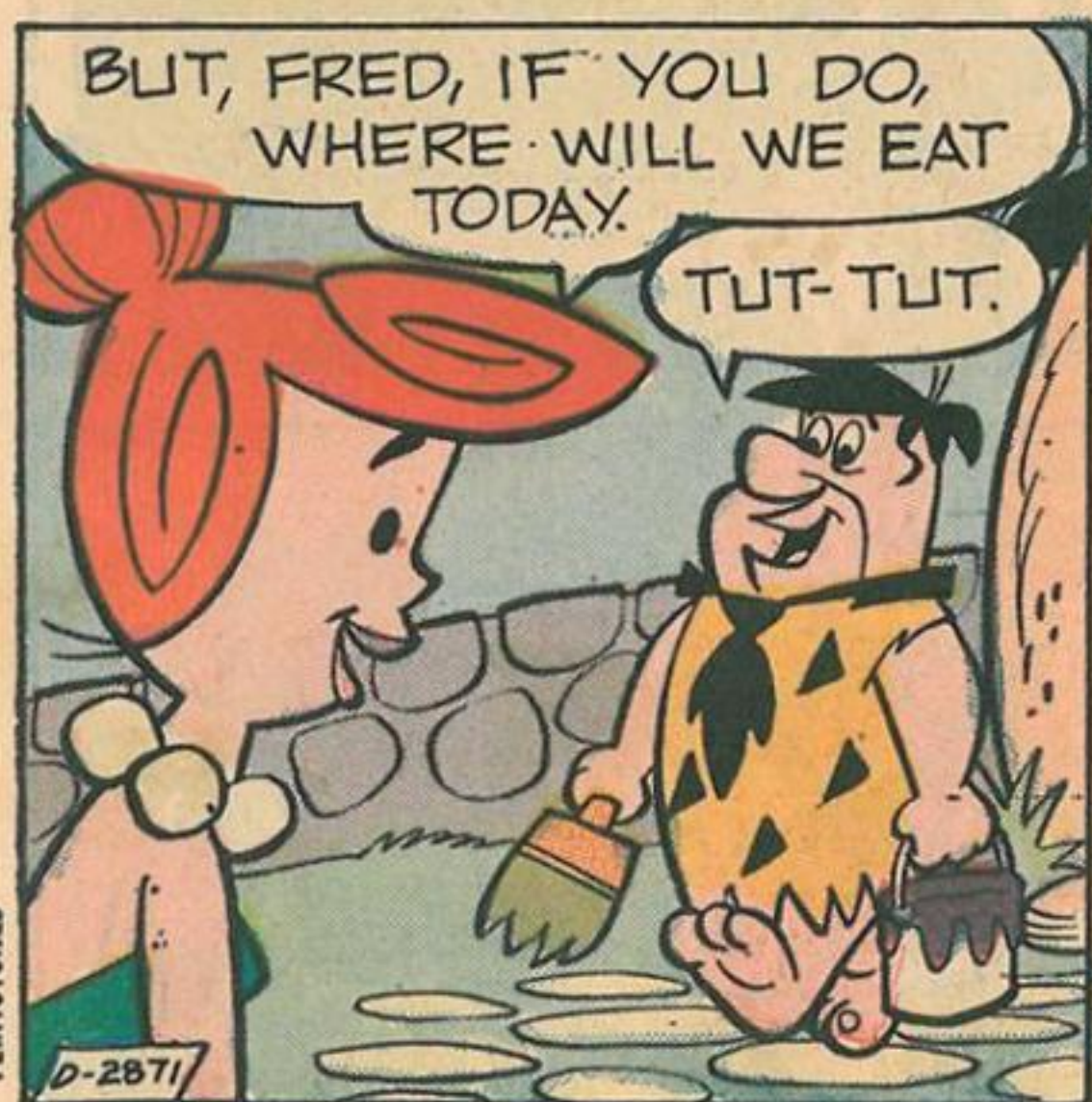
ONLY
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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES



RAY
DIRGO

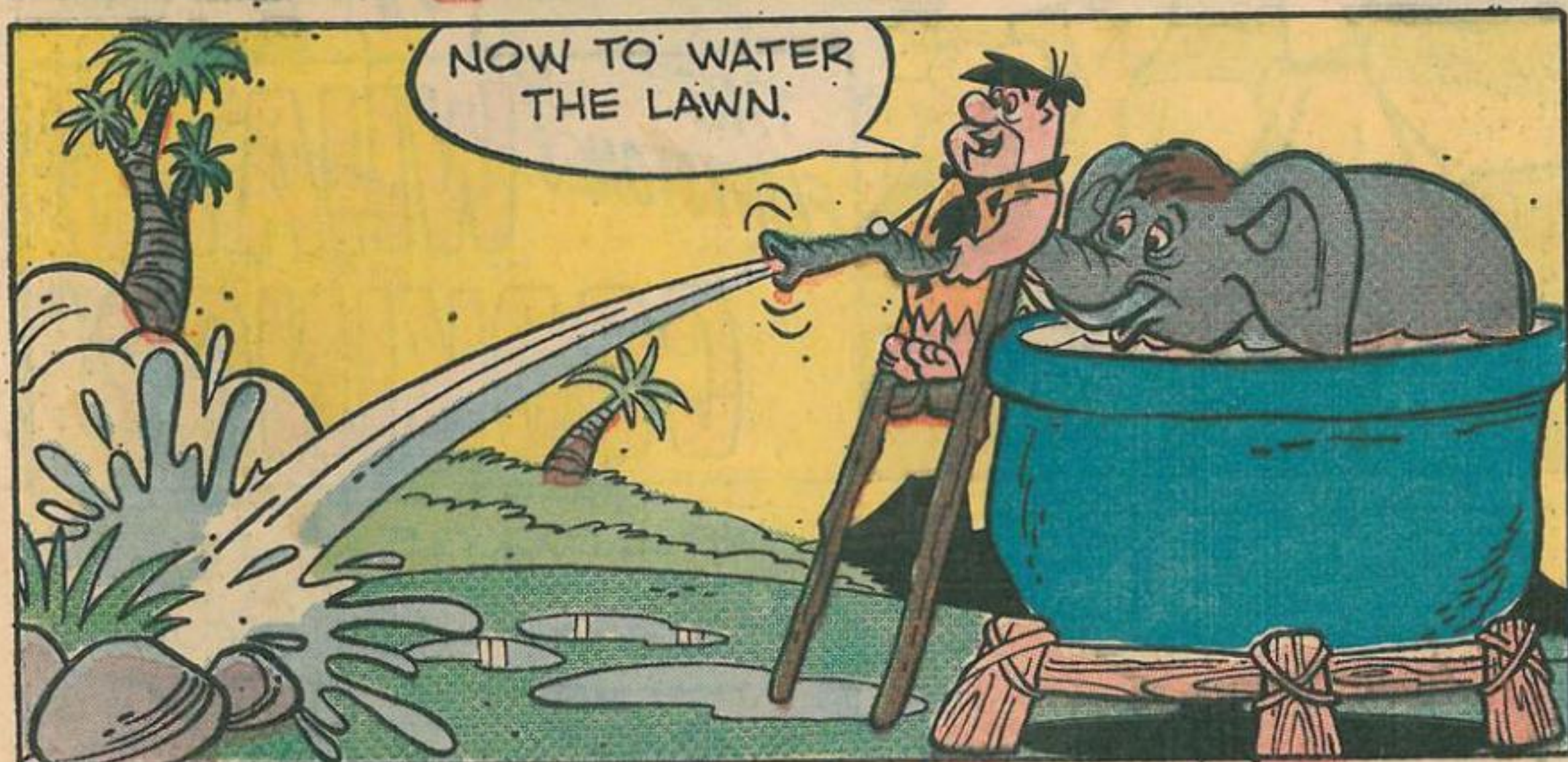
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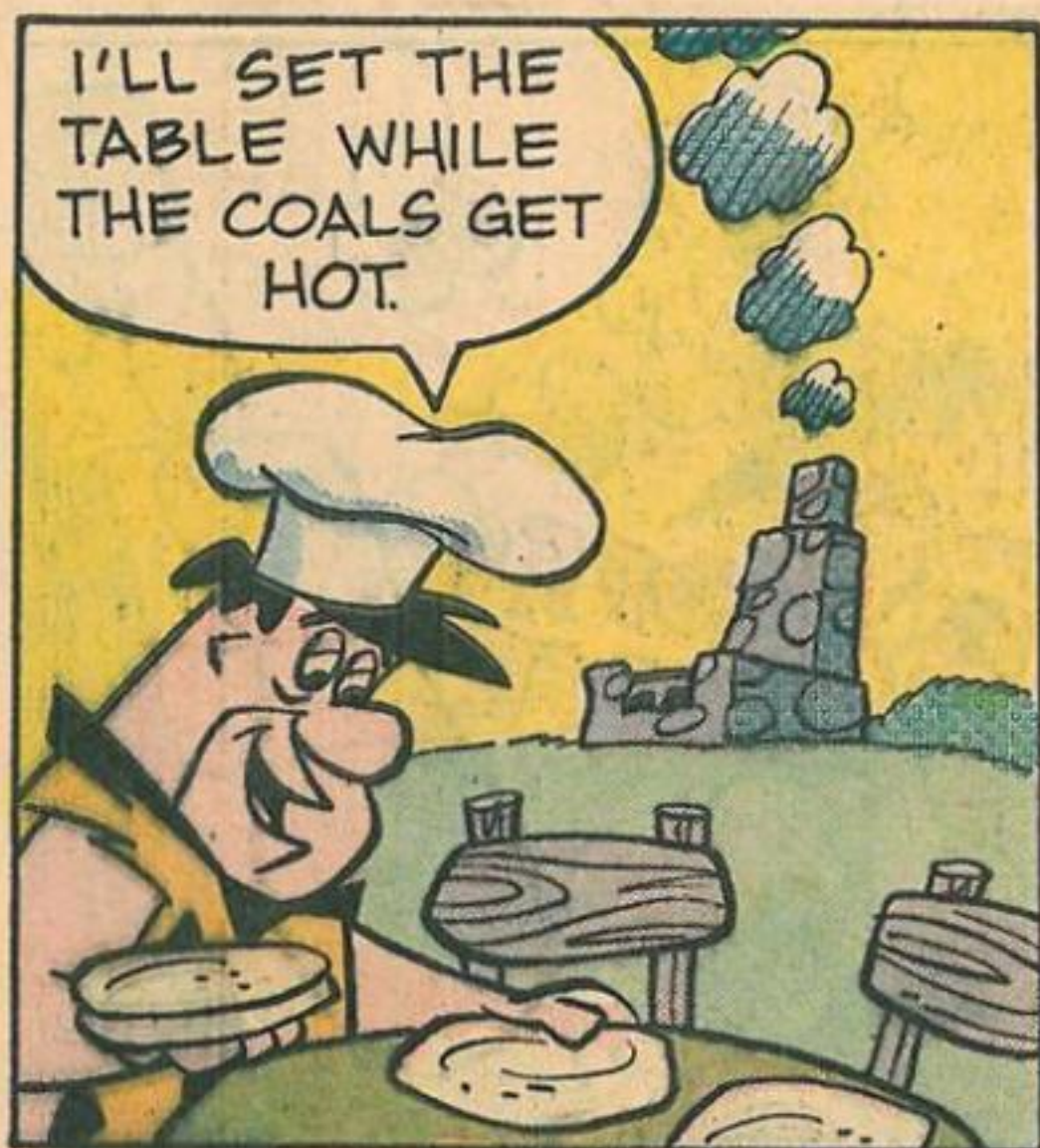


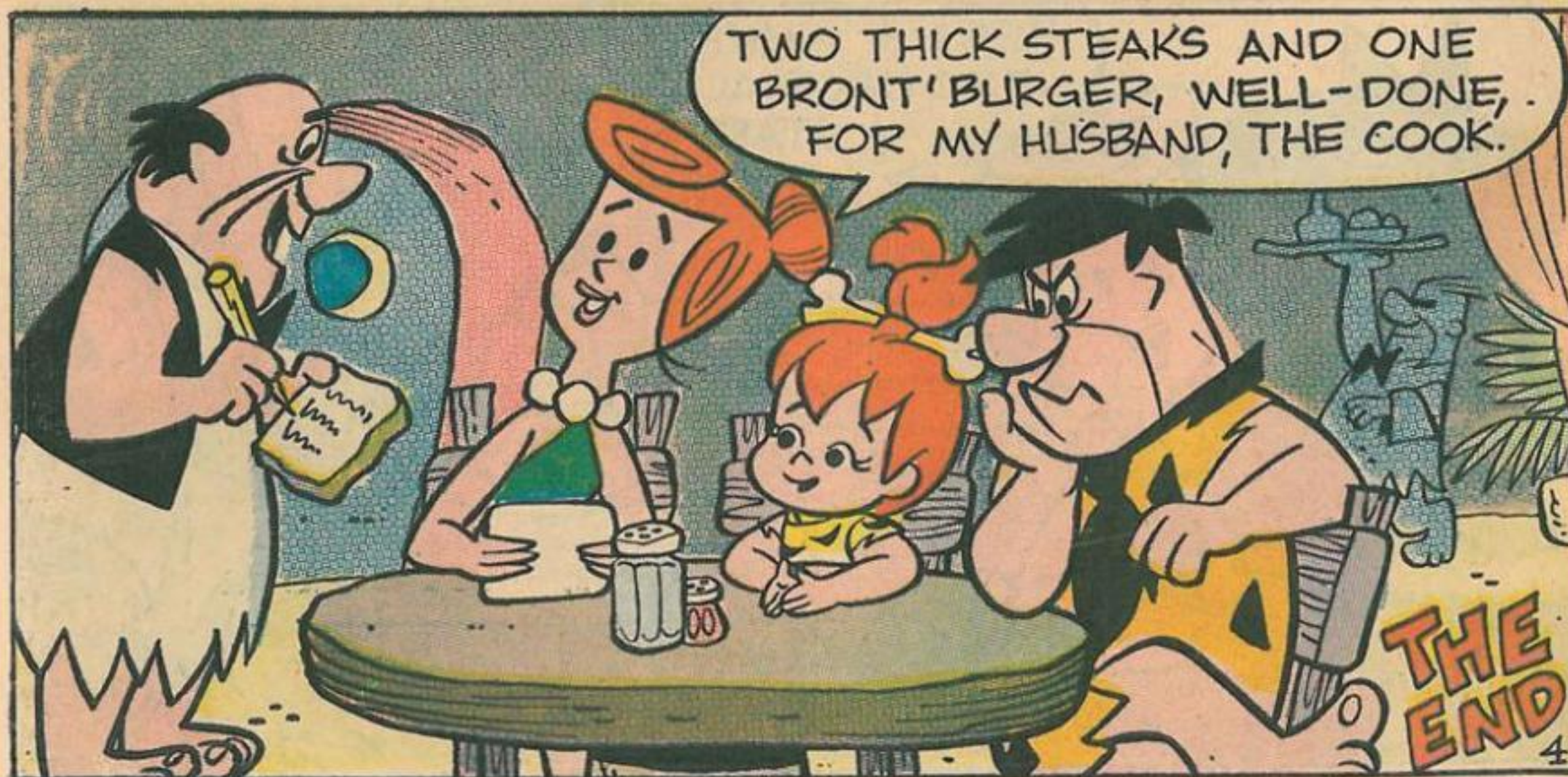
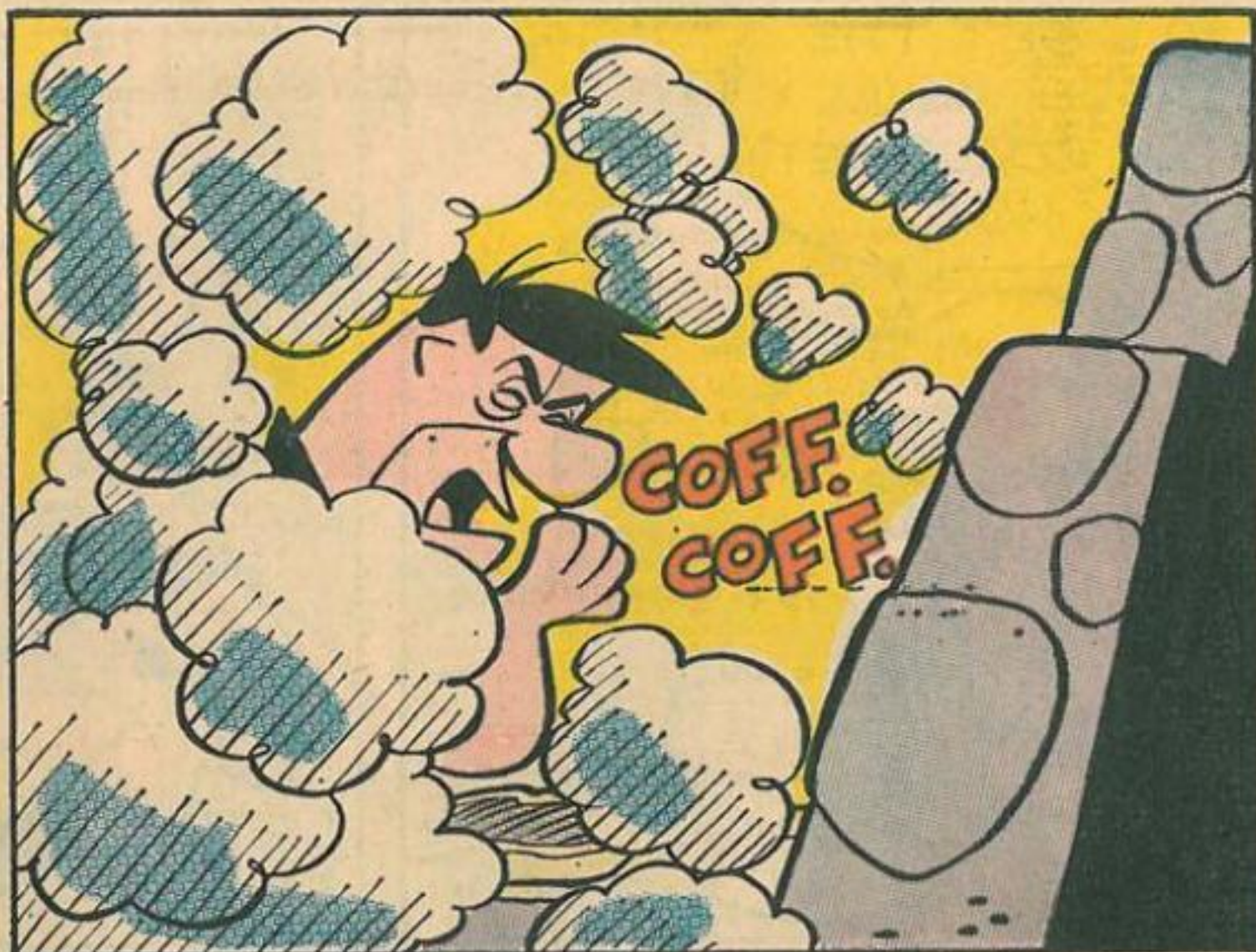
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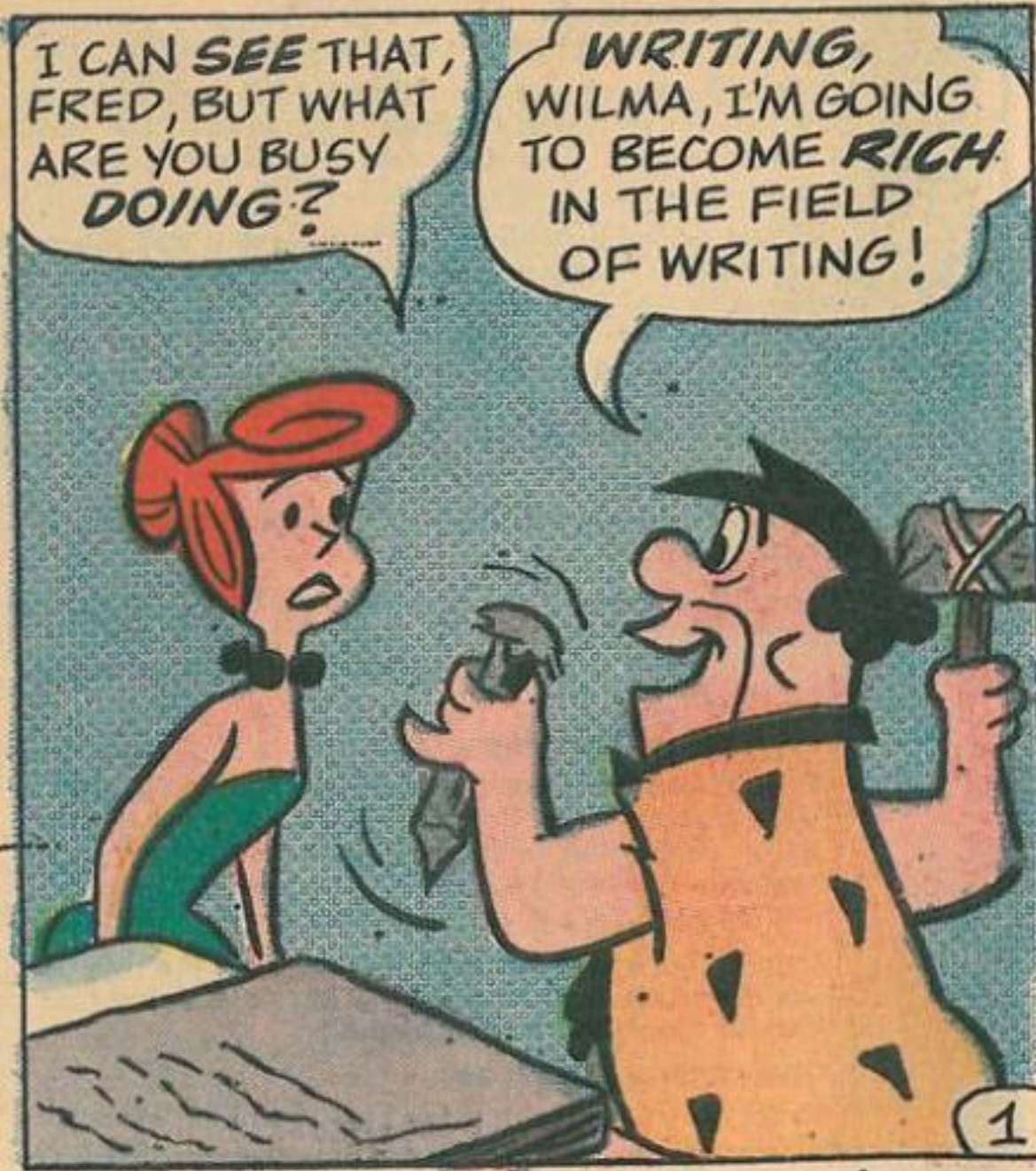
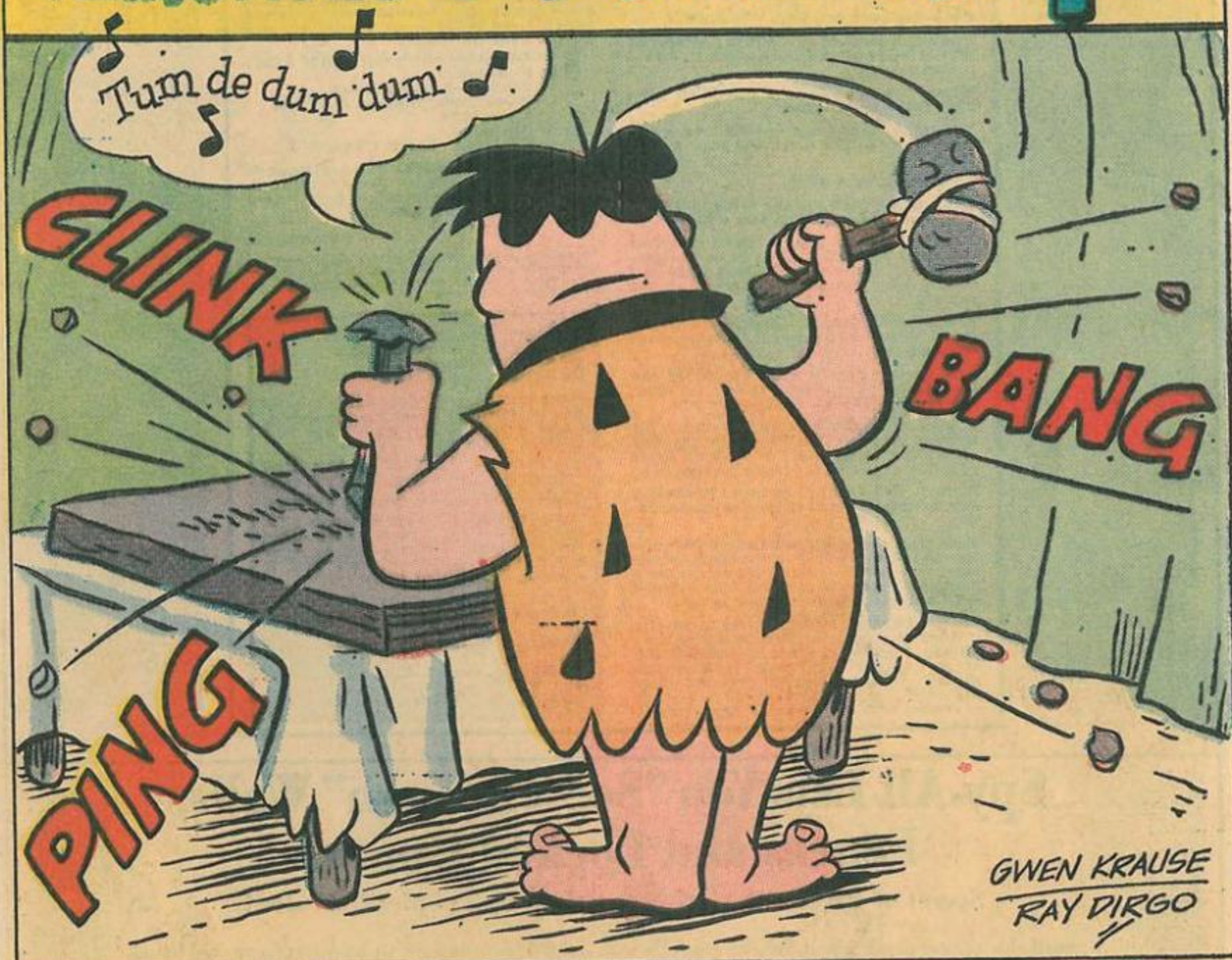
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The FLINTSTONES In the Chips



I FEEL IT IN MY BONES, OUR NAME WILL BE FAMOUS, MY WORK WILL BE PUBLISHED AND THE NAME **FLINTSTONE** WILL BECOME AN EVERYDAY HOUSEHOLD WORD!



HMMM, I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE THIS TIME... DISGRACE, EMBARRASSMENT OR DISASTER!

Tum de dum dum!

CLINK



HI, WILMA, WHAT'S COOKIN'?

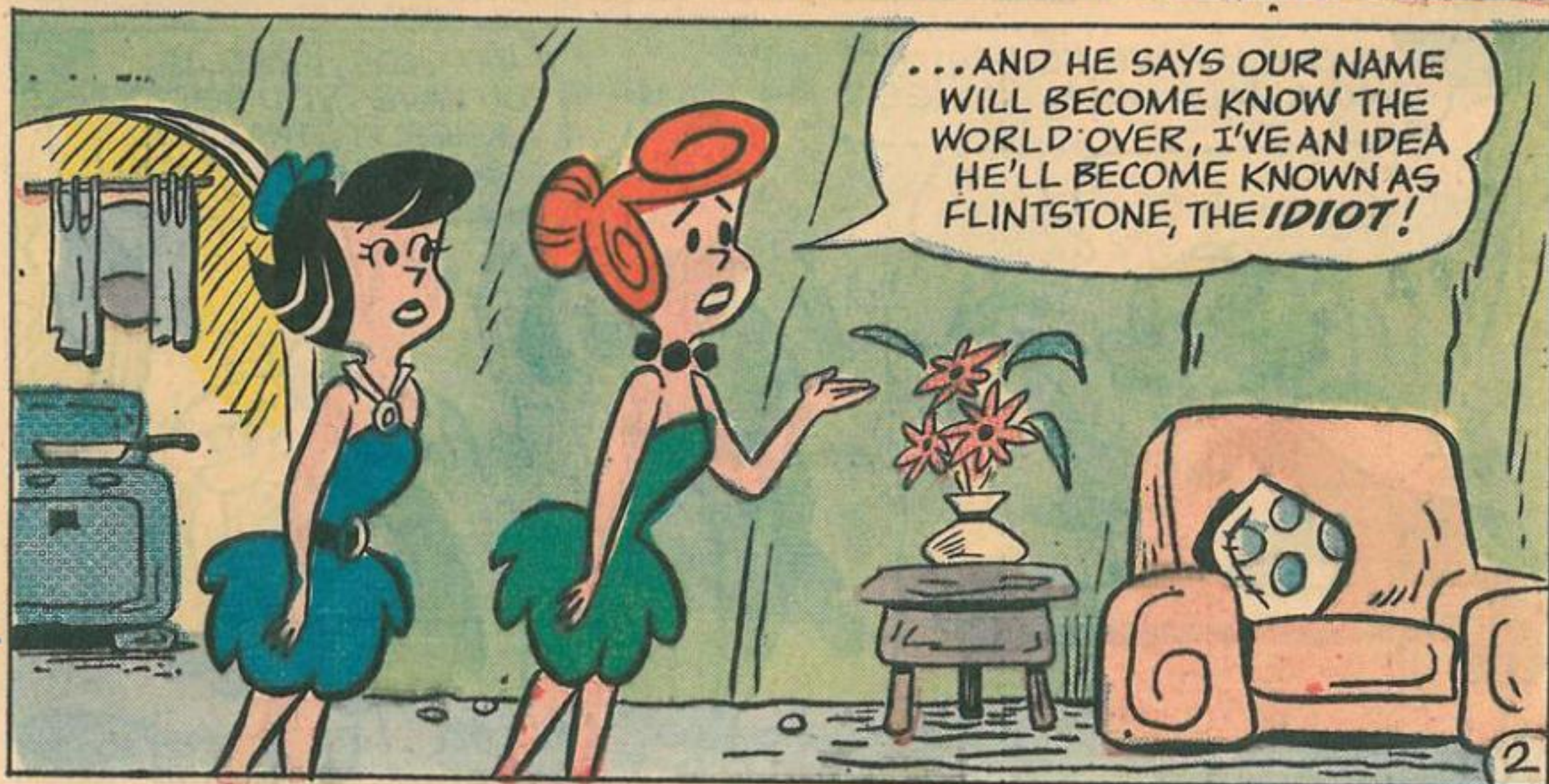
I AM, BETTY, I'M **BOILING** MAD!

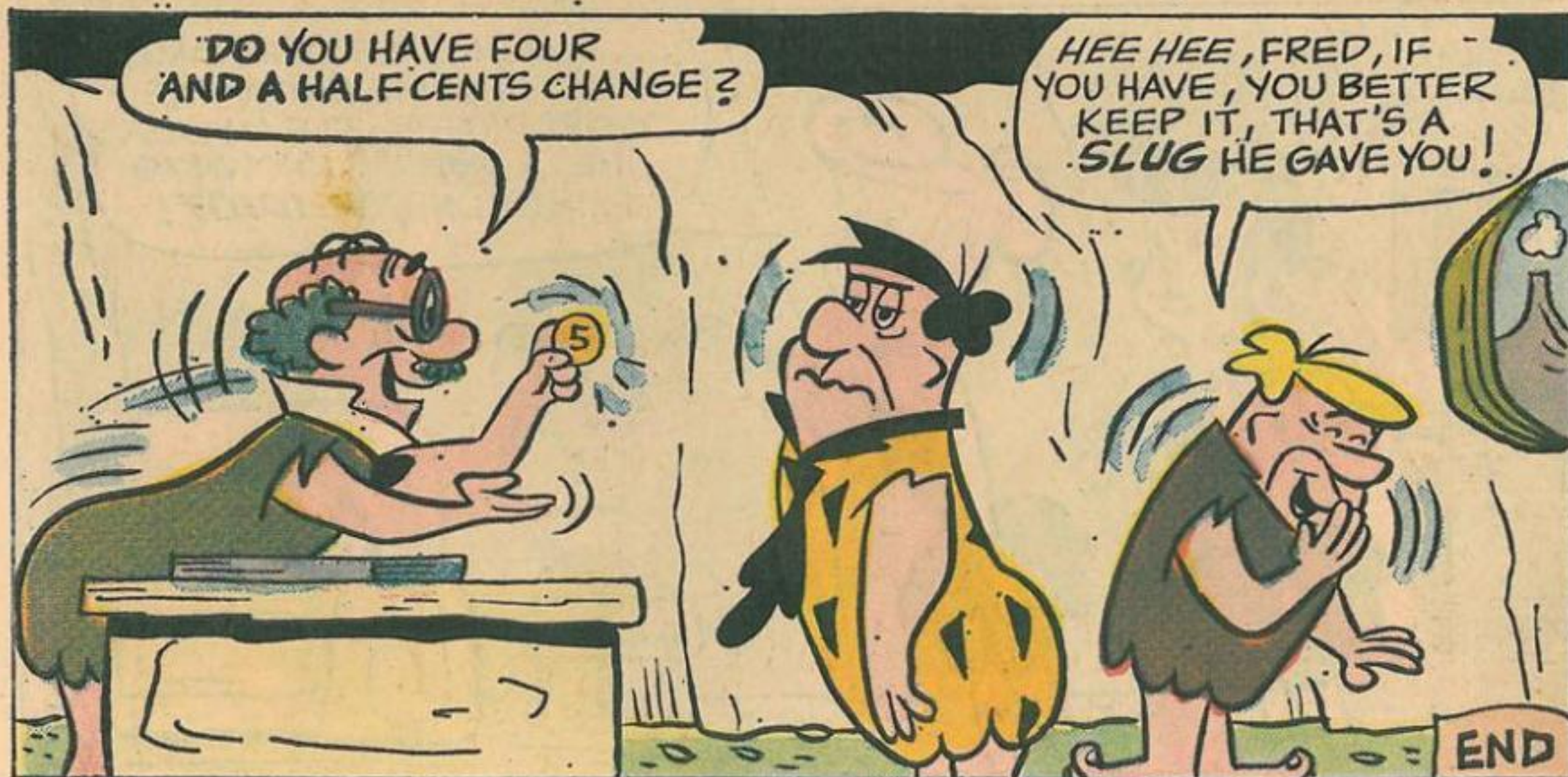


OH NO, FRED MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING AGAIN! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, WILMA?



...AND HE SAYS OUR NAME WILL BECOME KNOWN THE WORLD OVER, I'VE AN IDEA HE'LL BECOME KNOWN AS **FLINTSTONE, THE IDIOT!**





The
FLINTSTONES

in

**HAVE BATH-
WILL TRAVEL**

WHAT'S
THIS
THING?

IT'S CALLED A BATH TUB.
YOU SIT IN IT AND BATHE.

D-3064

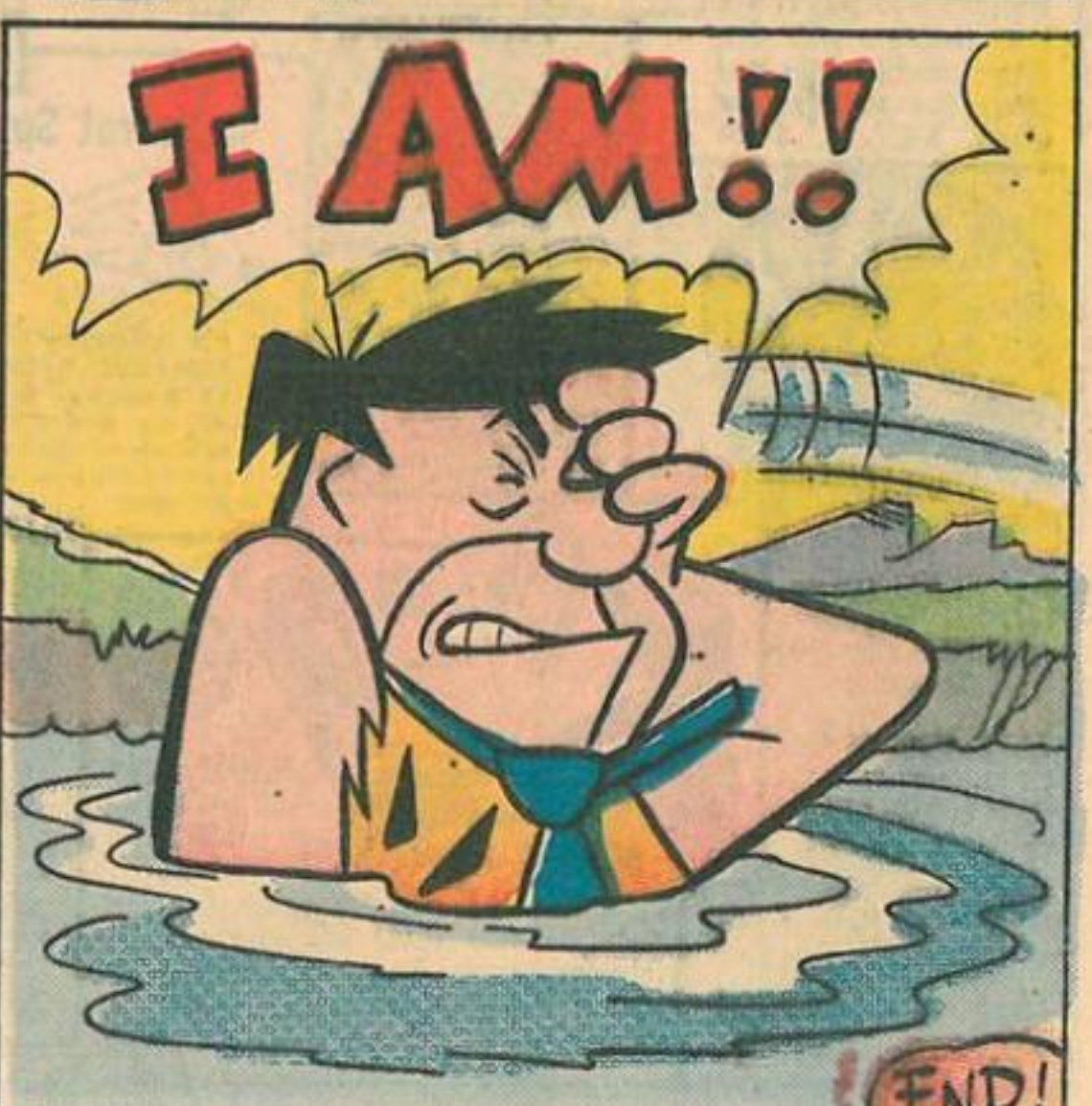
WHAT DO
YOU BATHE
IN....IT'S
EMPTY!

YOU HAVE TO PUT WATER
IN IT, SILLY.

YOU HAVE TO GO DOWN TO
THE STREAM FETCH
WATER AND FILL IT UP

OH.





HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

NO SALE!

THOSE SIGNS DON'T MEAN A **THING**, HUCK! JUST FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS AND THE LADY OF THE HOUSE WILL BUY THE LITTLE WUNDA VACUUM CLEANER!

ARE YUH SURE? IT SEZ **BEWARE OF FIERCE DOG** AND...

PEDDLERS
KEEP OUT

NO
TRESPASSING

BEWARE
OF
FIERCE
DOG

NO
SALESMEN
ALLOWED

I KNOW FOR A
FACT THEY DON'T
EVEN **OWN** A DOG!

LITTLE
WUNDA
VACUUM
CLEANER
KIT

D-2179

RAY
DIRGO

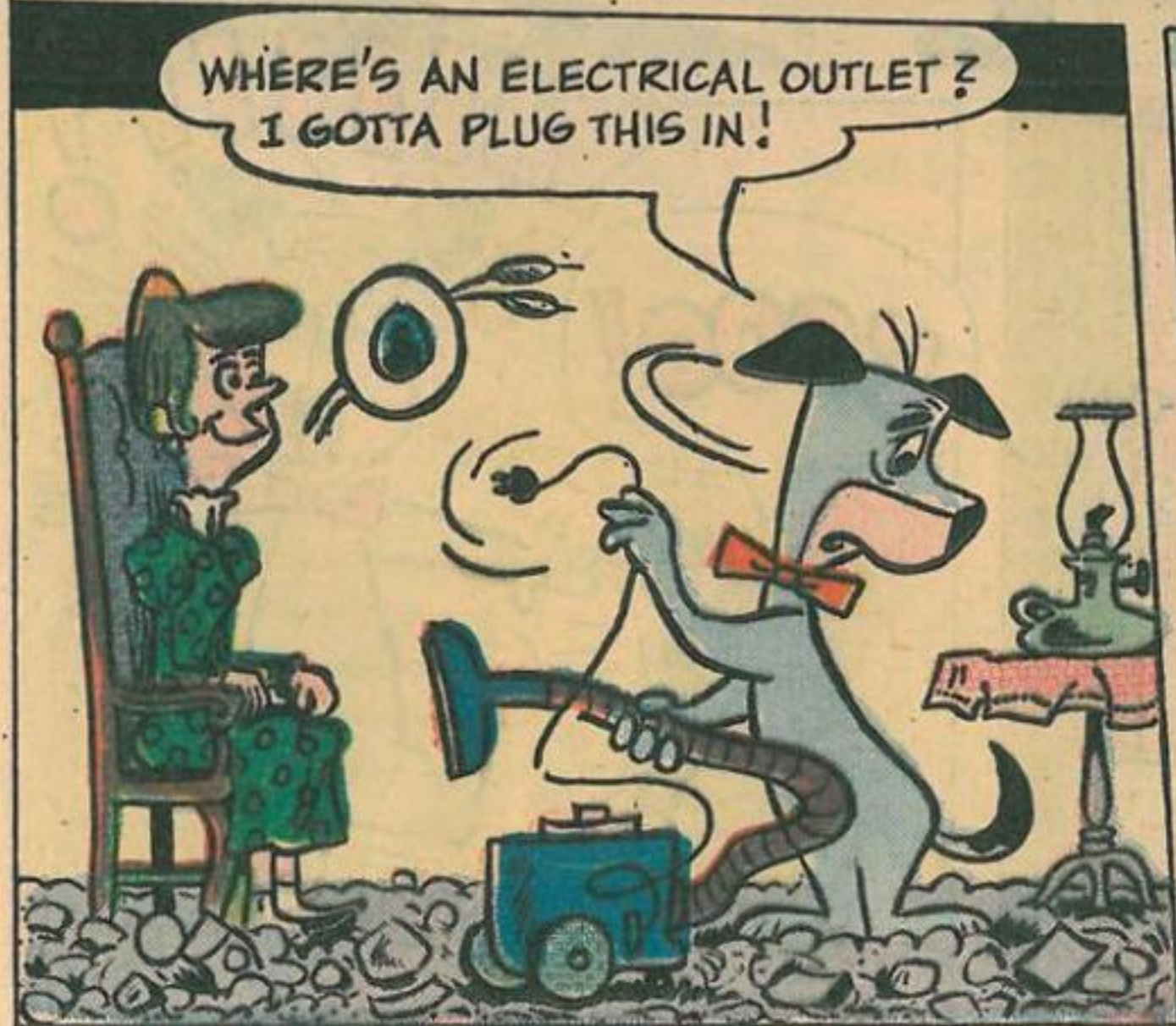
HE W-WAS RIGHT!
THEY D-DON'T EVEN
OWN A D-DOG!

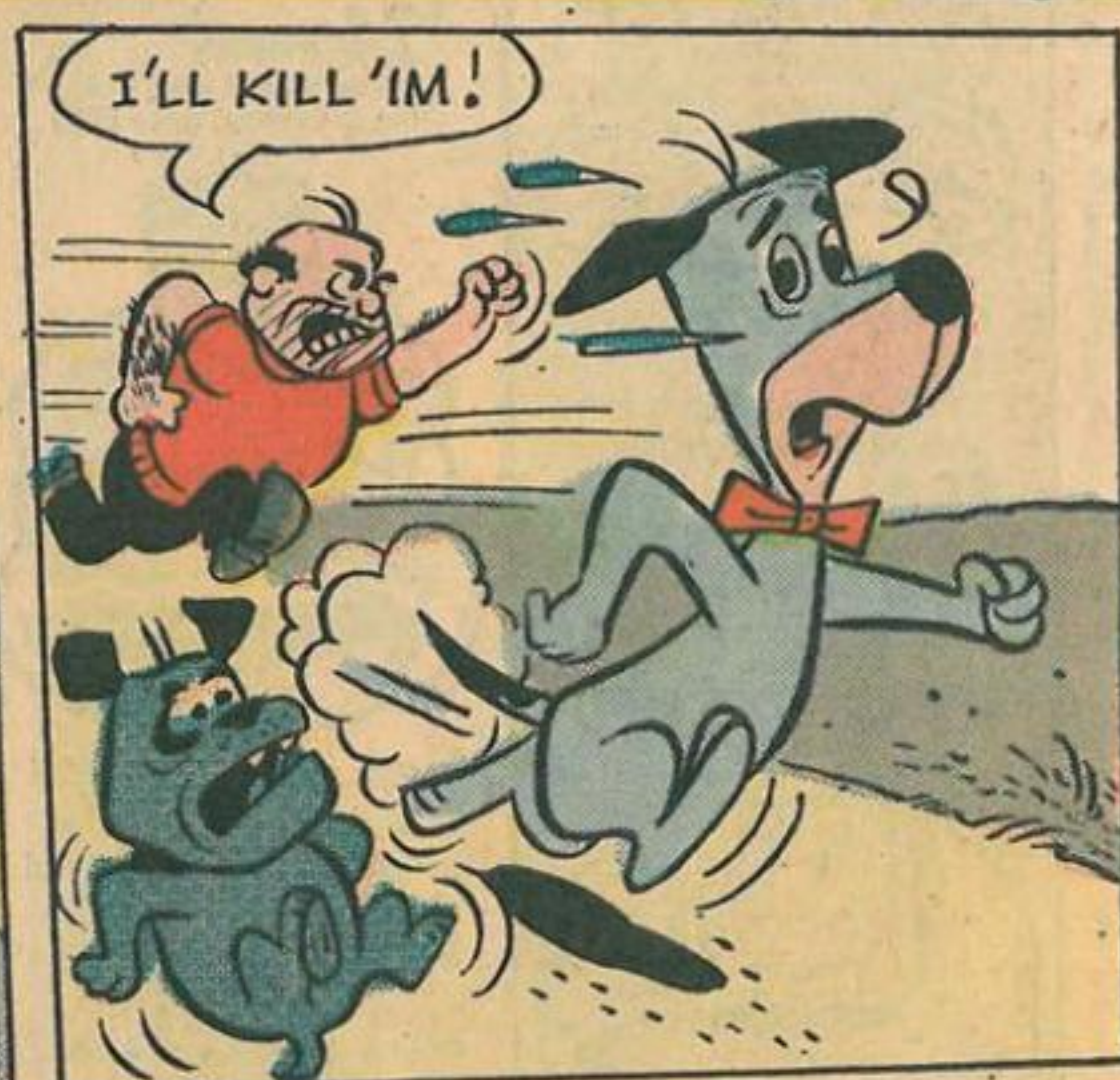
HEH HEH

DING
DONG

BOOOO!

YIIIIIIII!

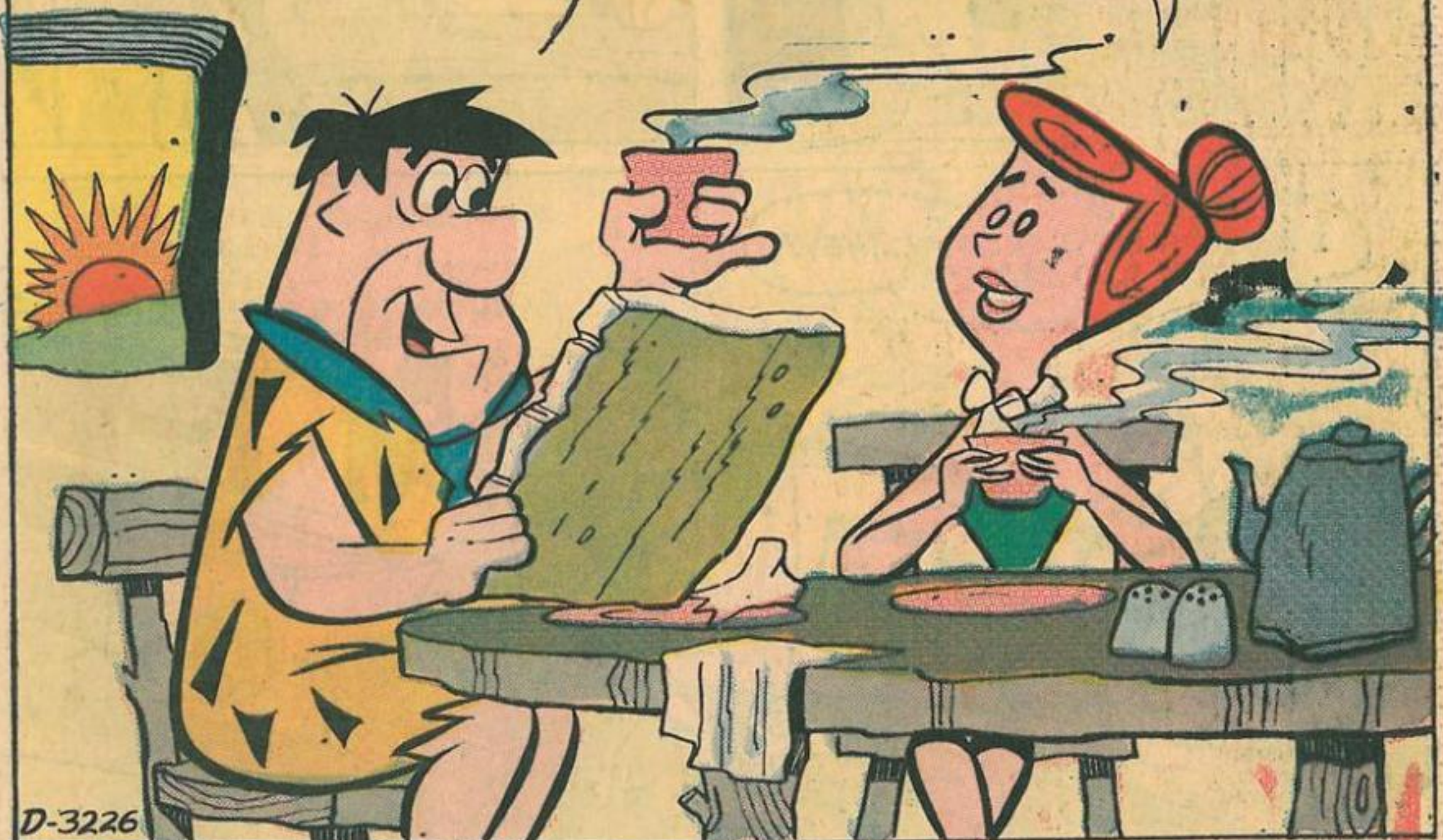




THE FLINTSTONES in FRED'S LUCKY DAY

I'M READING TODAY'S HOROSCOPE.
IT SAYS TODAY'S MY LUCKY DAY!

IF YOU STAY OUT OF
TROUBLE, FRED, IT WILL
BE YOUR LUCKY DAY.



D-3226

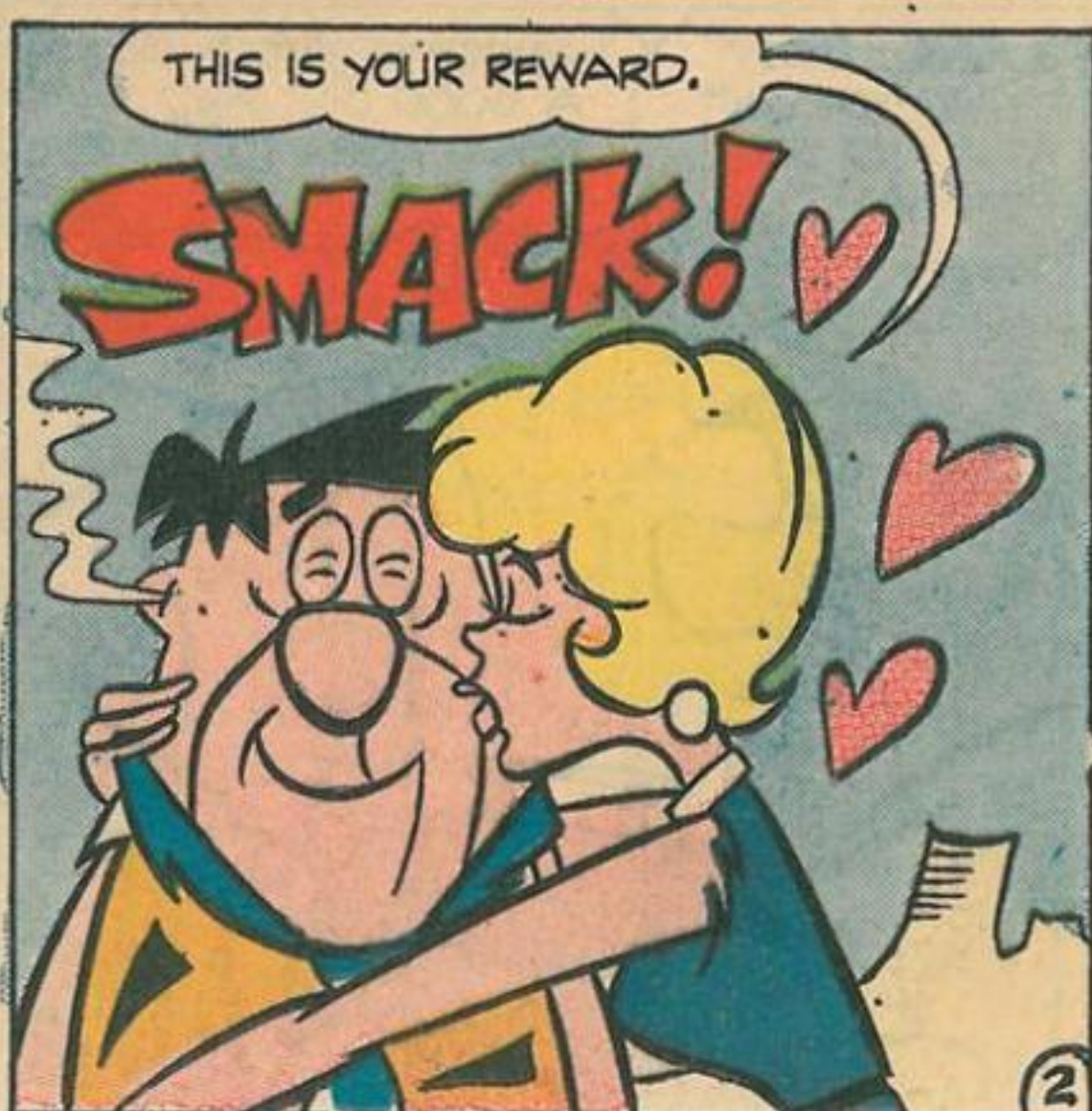
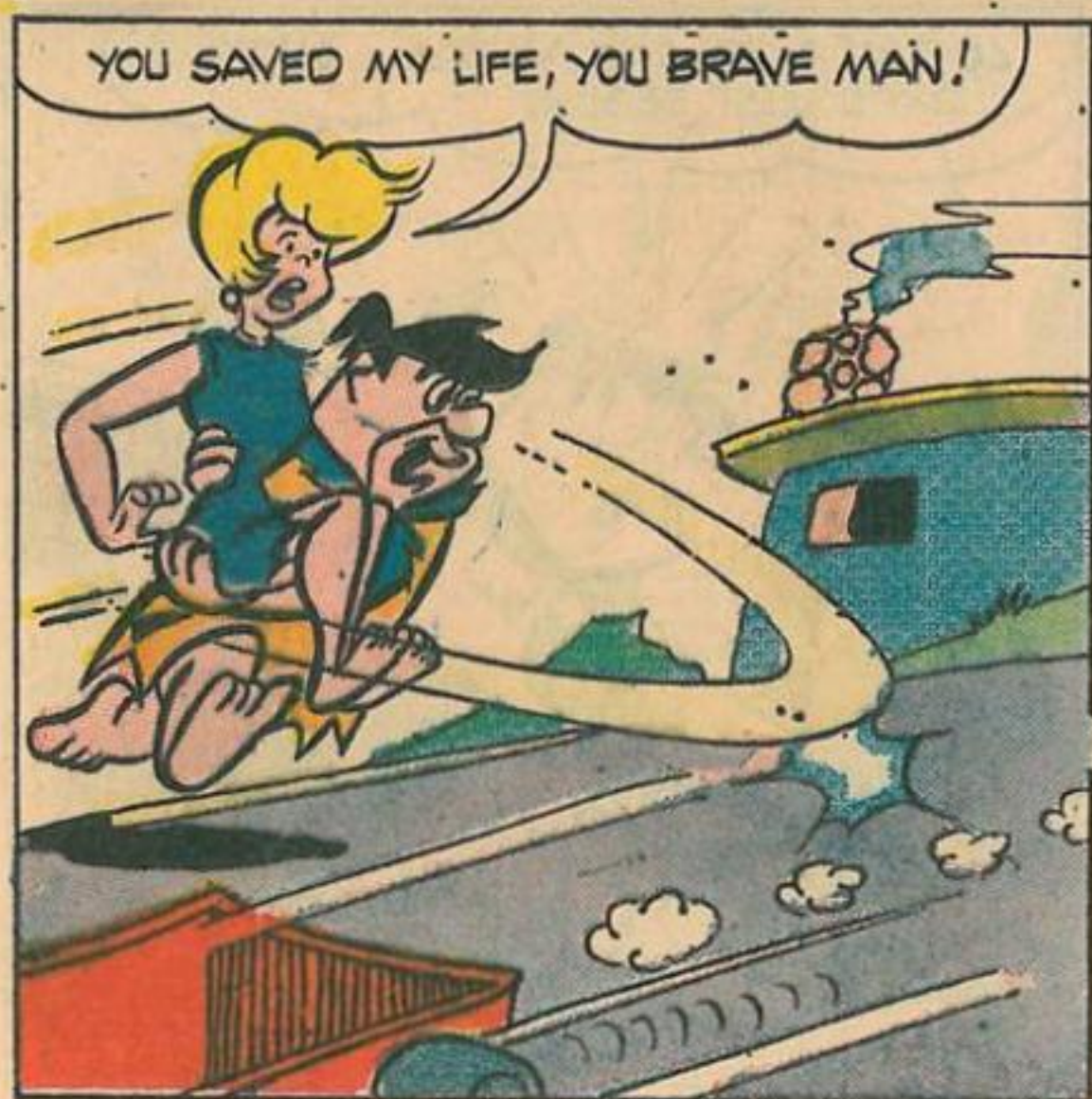
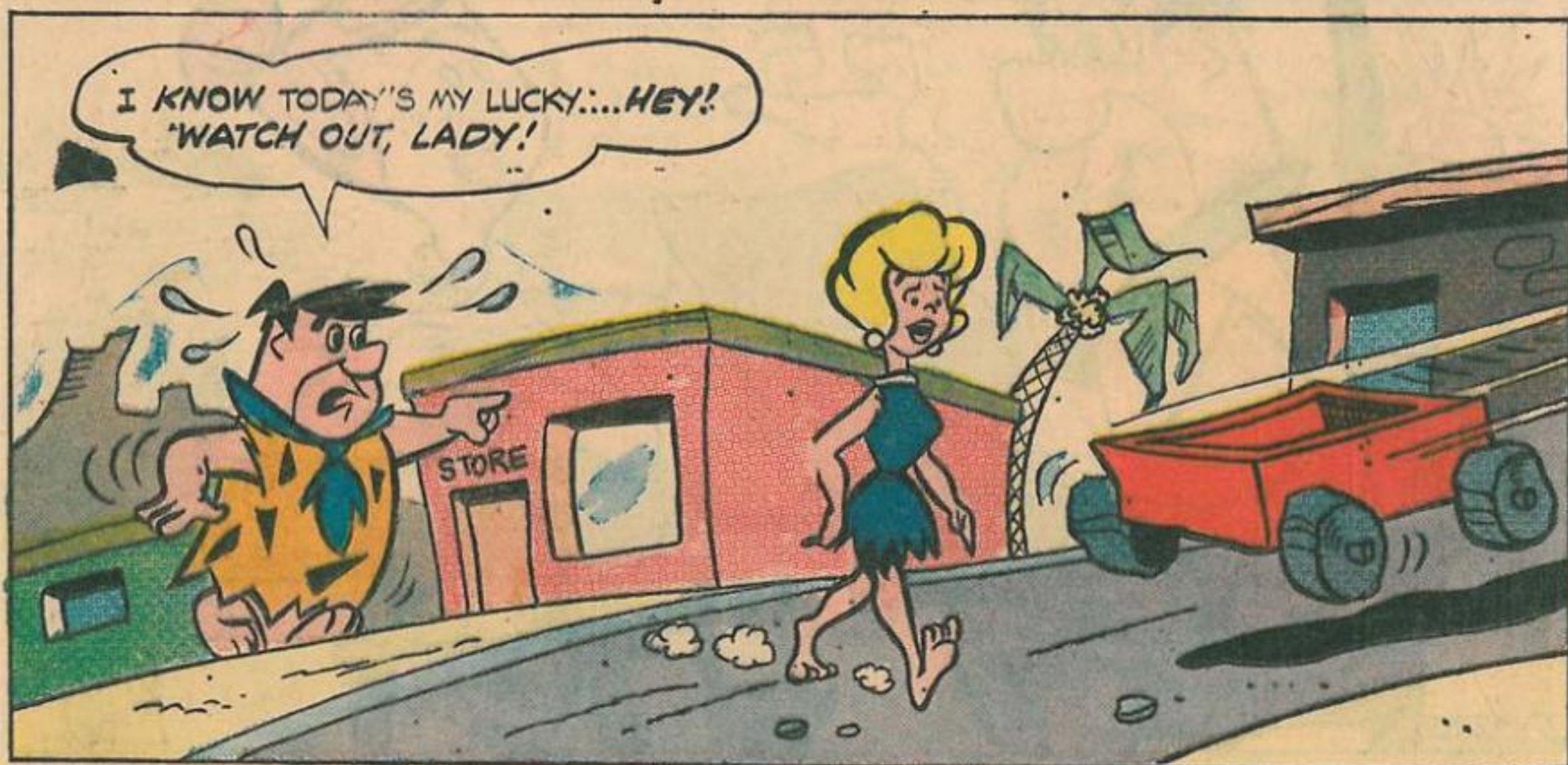
I **FEEL** LUCKY
TODAY. YOU JUST
WAIT AND SEE,
WILMA.

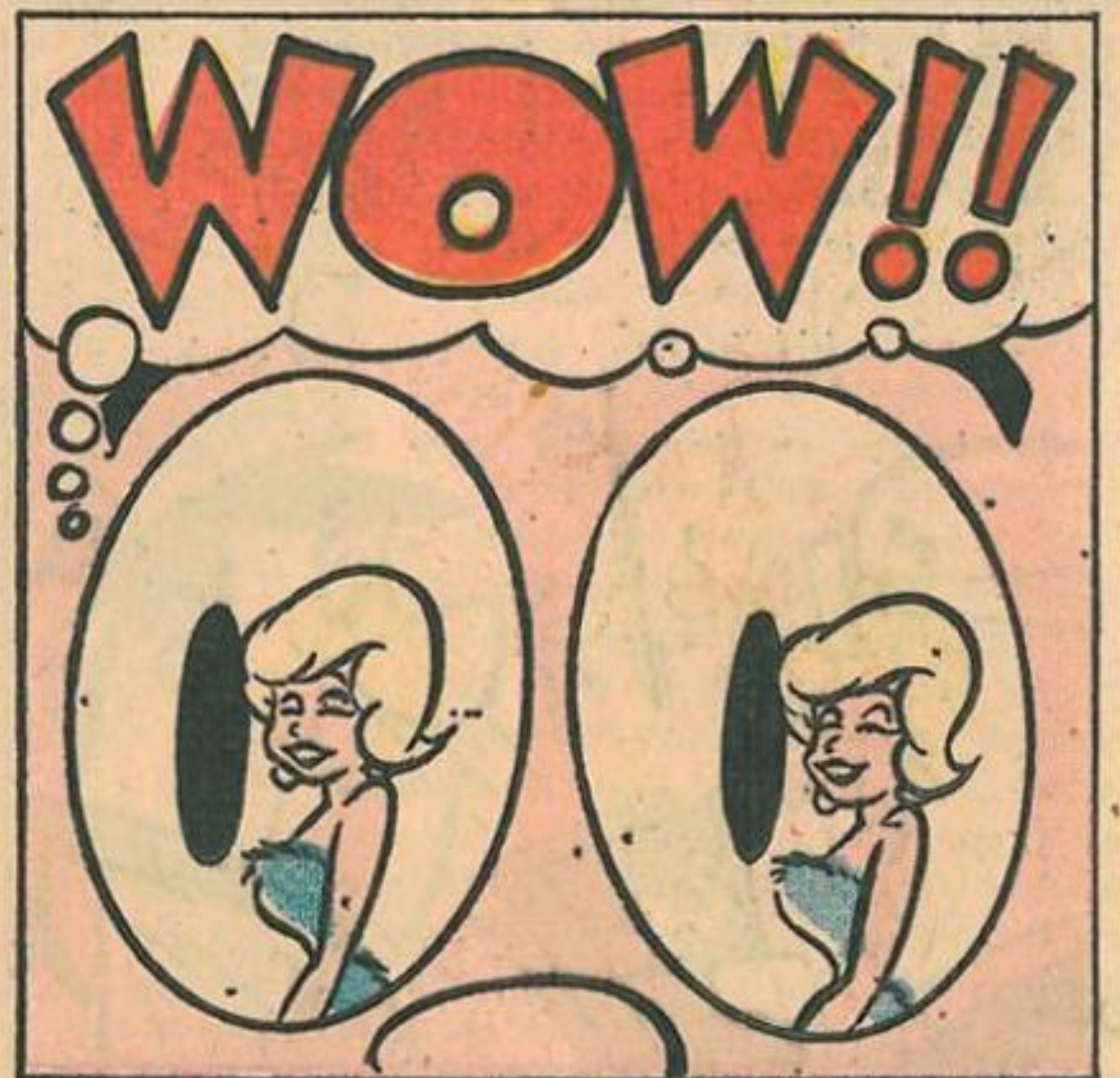
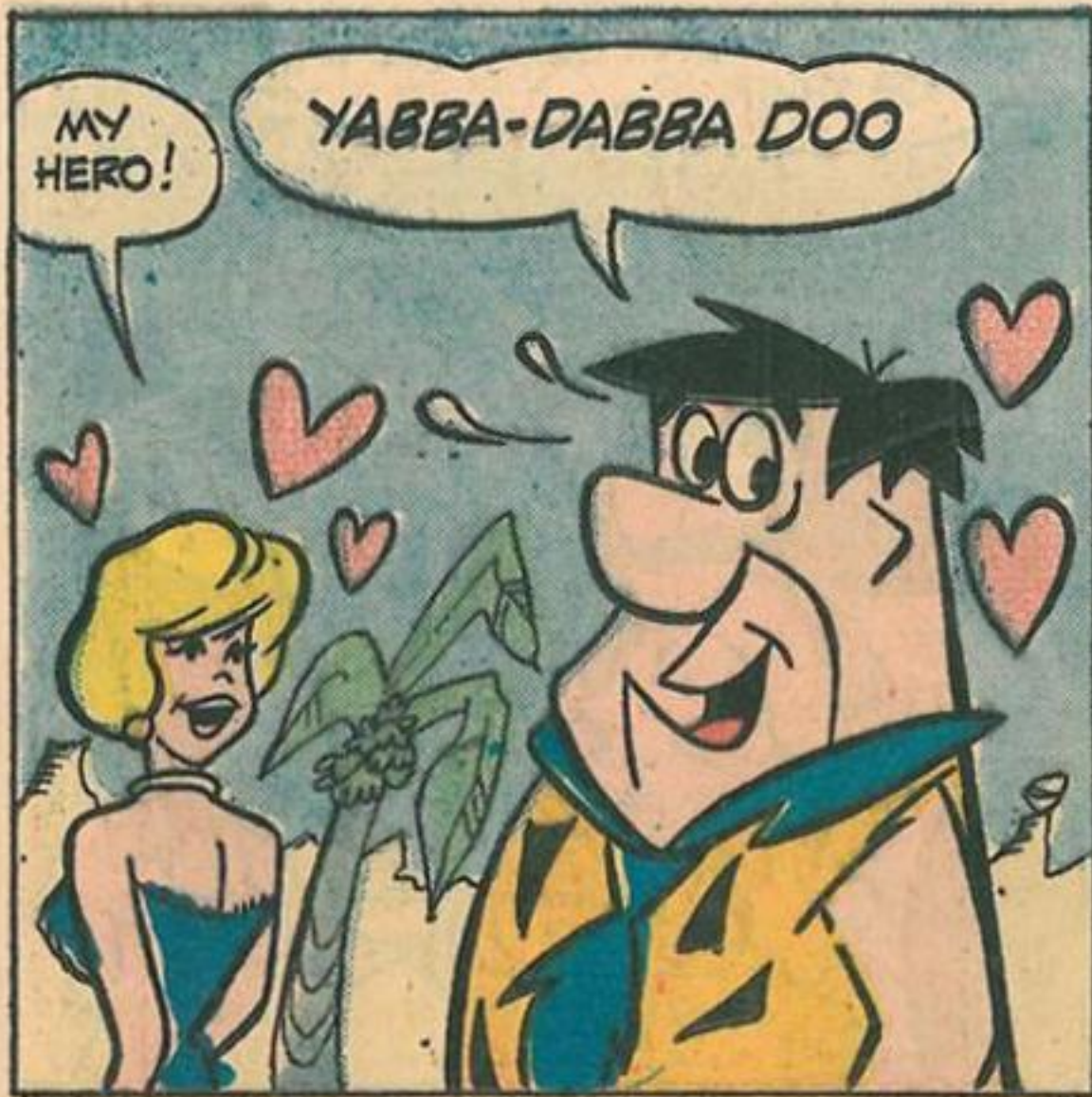
GOODBYE, FRED. HAVE
A GOOD DAY, AND
DON'T WORK TOO HARD.

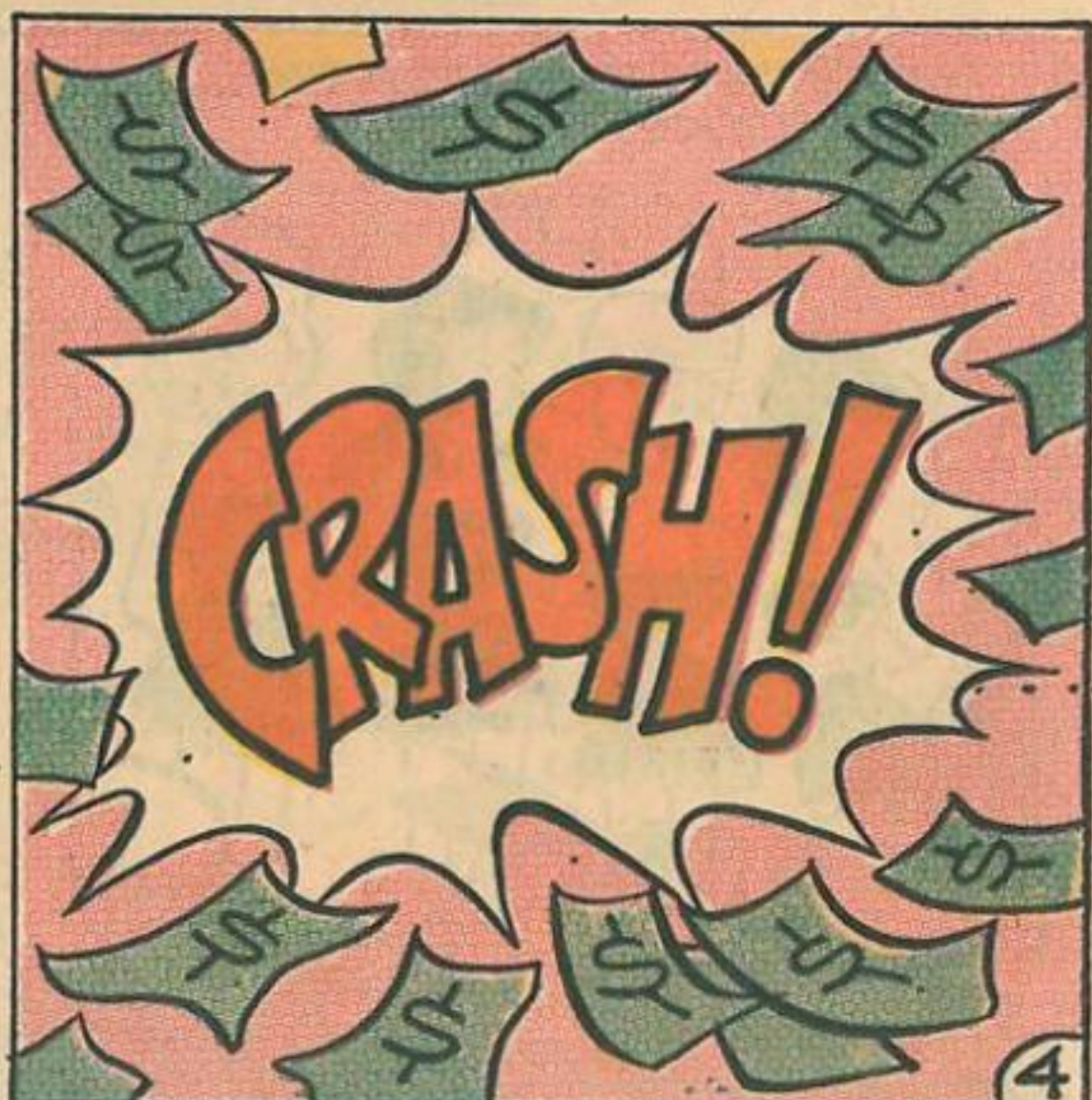
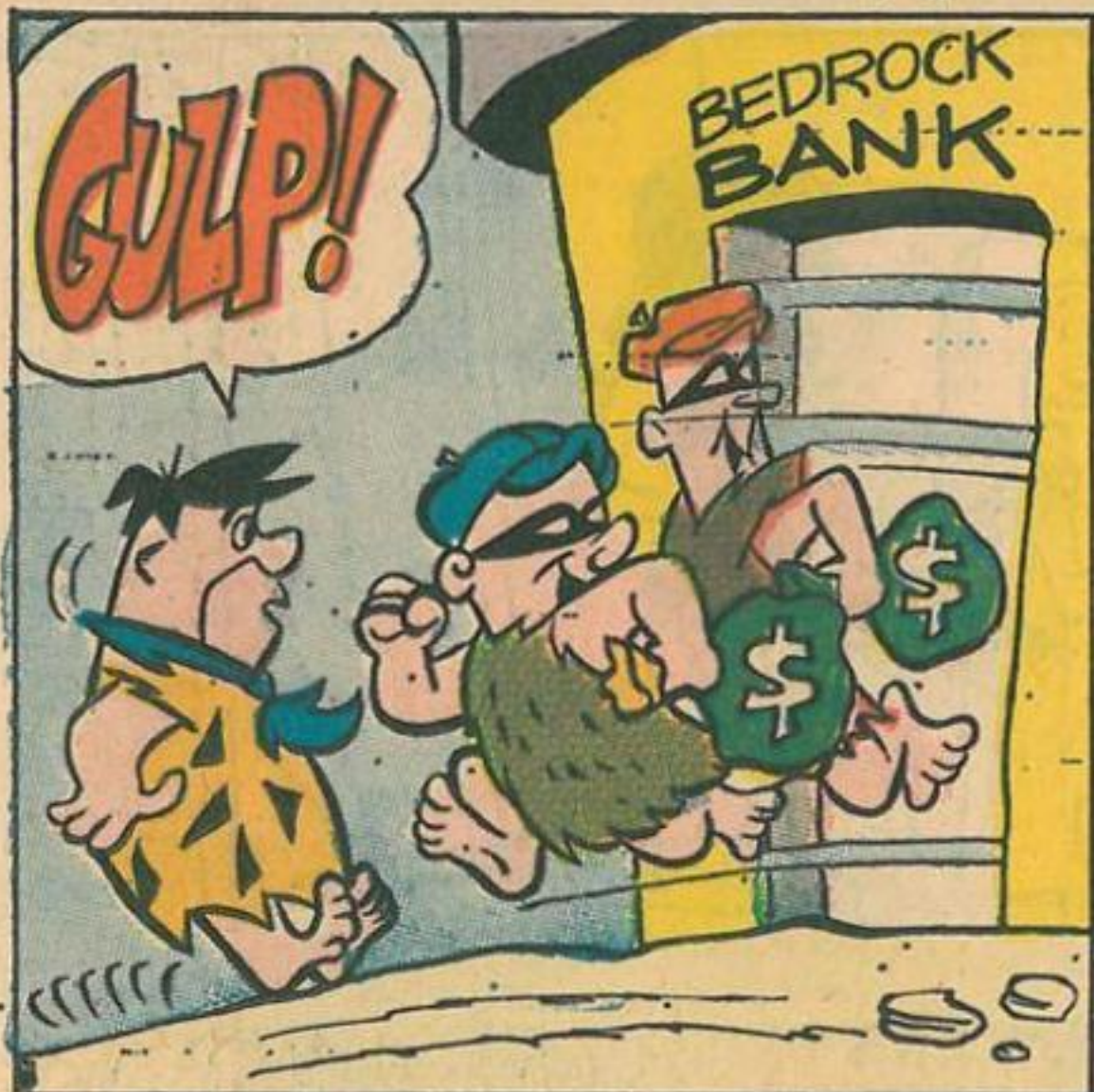
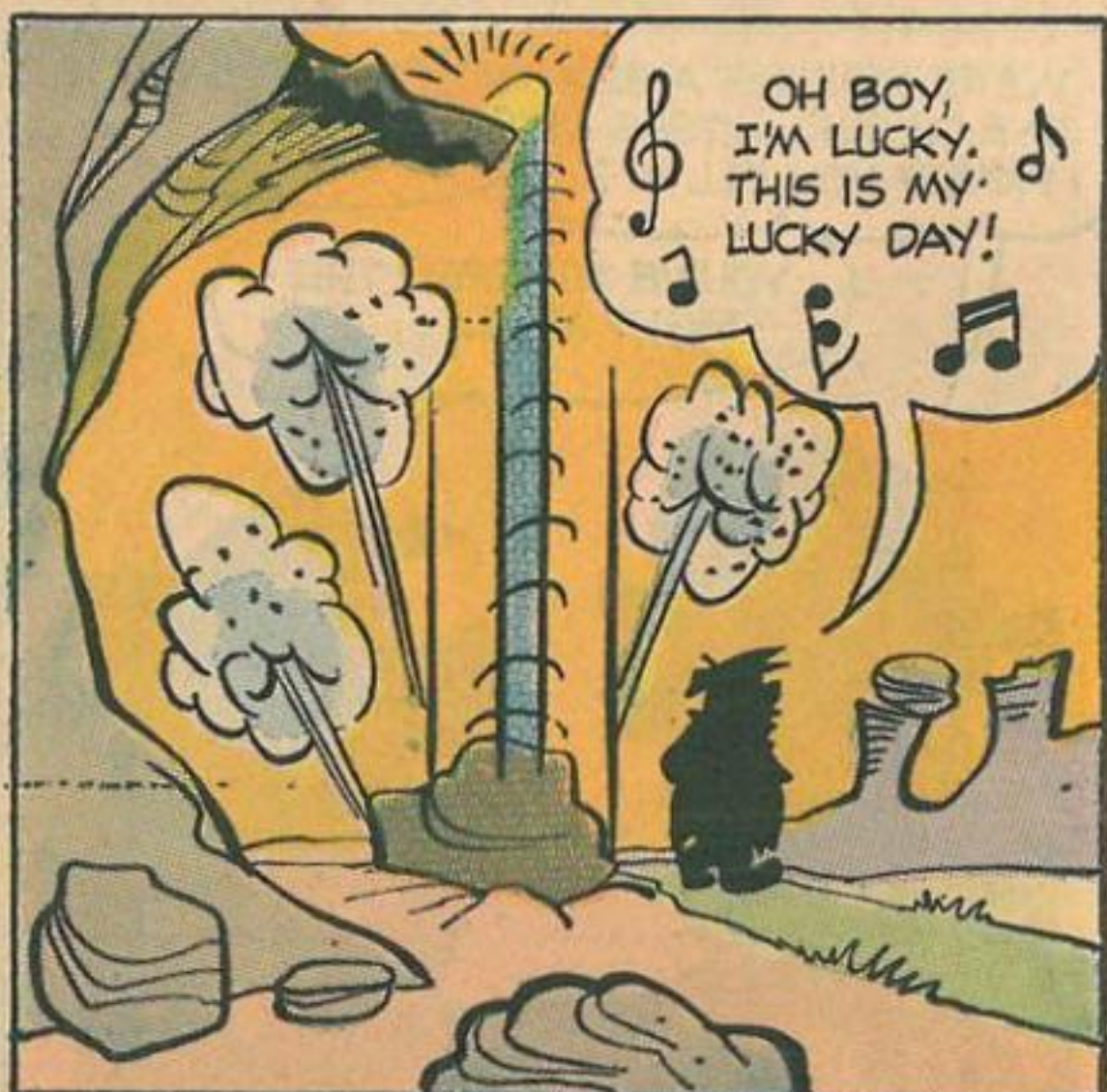


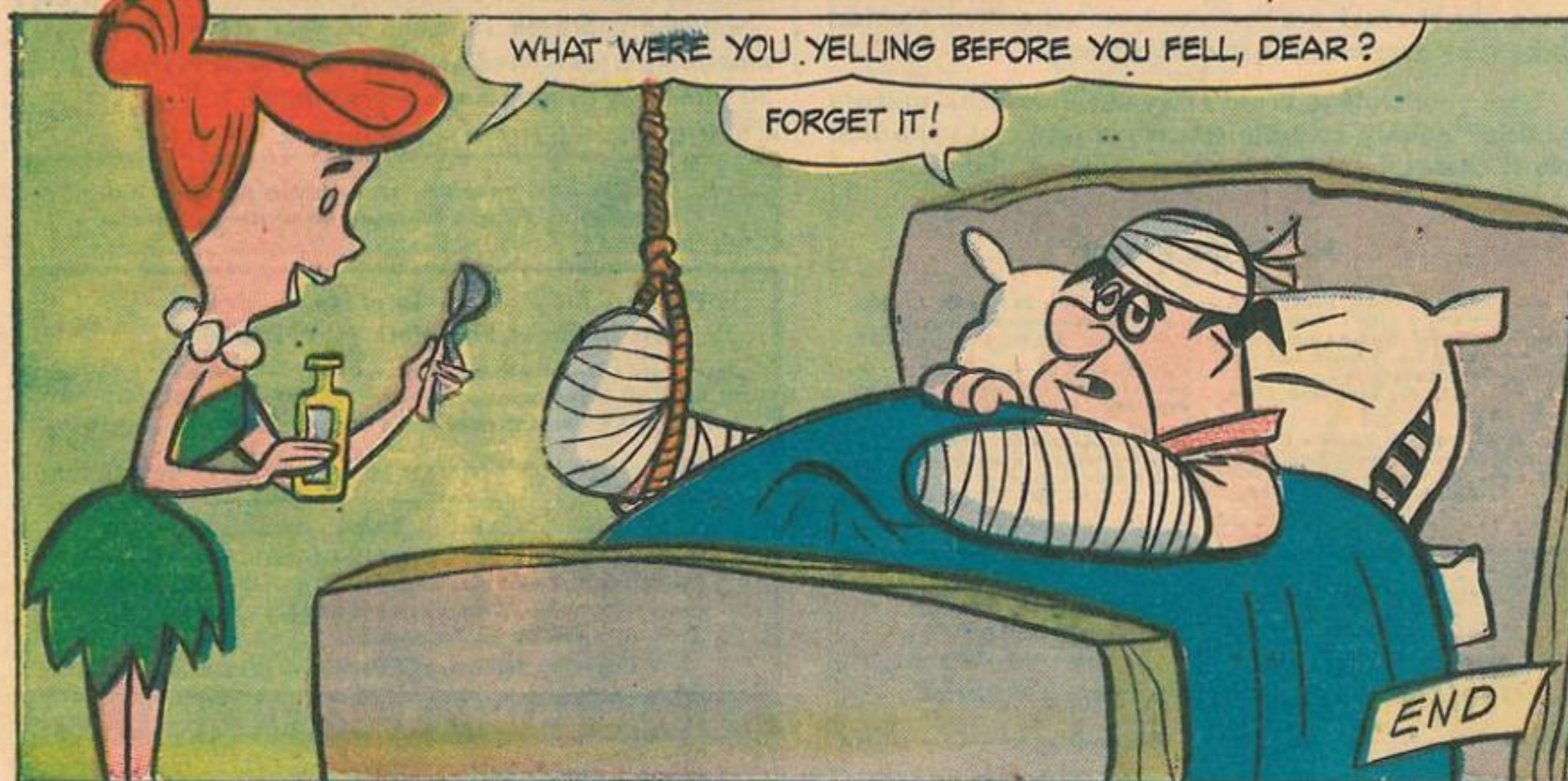
LOOK! A TEN DOLLAR BILL.....AND THE
DAY'S JUST BEGUN!











BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. And I have had a lot of experiences during that period of time.

The grade syllabus called for: "Word Enrichment." Each day I was to teach them an unusual word. On Monday it called for these two words: Brume and Brumal. Brume-fog; winter. Originally winter solstice. Shortest day of the year. From latin. Brumal-pertaining to winter. From latin, Brumal (is). Also: If you have a student in your class who speaks spanish, you may develop the following: Bruma in spanish means the mist rising from the sea. Hazines.

It formerly meant the winter season.

So I began the lesson with this question: "Who can tell me what the word brume means?"

Up went every hand in the class. Something must be wrong I felt. They couldn't be that smart. I had forgotten that you also have the word broom with the same pronunciation. Jimmy answered:

"A broom is what you sweep with. But you don't use it much anymore. You use a carpet sweeper or a vacuum cleaner today."

I couldn't very well tell Jimmy he was wrong. So I then asked the next question:

"Who can tell me what a brumal is?"

Little Martha almost jumped up from her seat waving her hand wildly.

"I know, teacher! I know the answer! We have a brumal in our home. It is the place where you keep your broom and the pan you use when you sweep up the dirt from the carpet. Or from the floor. Do I get 100% for the answer?"

Everything went wrong with that lesson. But the end was not as yet in sight. Martin had a question to ask.

"I know that sometimes people say that a new broom sweeps clean. Just why should a new broom act that way? In our apartment my mother has an old broom. It also sweeps clean."

This seemed a good opportunity to teach the disaster of the main objective of that lesson.

"I can explain this to you with an illustration," I said.

"There is a big store with a lot of people working there. Some of them are efficient. Others are lazy and careless. And not very efficient. They get a new boss. He looks around. He is going to get rid of the people who are lazy, careless, inefficient and should have been fired long ago. So that is what he does."

Leave it to little Darline to ask the wrong question at the wrong time.

"I think I know what you mean. But does he use a new or an old broom to sweep out the store?"

Then Frank added his contribution to a lesson that hit an iceberg that was sinking slowly but surely.

"I remain sometimes in the afternoon in school. I have watched the workers here clean the floors. They never use brooms. They have a big tank. It really is a vacuum cleaner."

I looked at my wrist watch. Just a few minutes more to go before the lunch time bell would ring. And that would be the end of the lesson.

"I know a story about a broom and an old house," said Louise. "Out in the country there was an old lady. Who used a broom to clean the floor. But she was a very smart woman. She didn't use a pan to take care of the dirt. Instead she had a hole in the middle of the floor. And she swept all the dirt into that one hole. Very easy when you are getting old. And when she could sweep no more dirt into the hole she knew it was time to move to another house. For that meant her old house was now getting dirty."

"I have a question to ask," said Anne-Marie. "Why did the witches use brooms? Were they really magic brooms? Could you fly on such a broom?"

"As soon as I meet a witch I will ask her about that," I replied. With another glance at my watch. The bell rang just in time and the class left. Then suddenly Mr. Kellerman, our acting principal, came into the room.

"Just to tell you that I think it must have been a wonderful lesson. I watched from outside through the glass panel. What energy they had. What enthusiasm."

Next time, more about what happens in a classroom and in a school.

FLINTSTONES

SMART WALK

HELLO, FLINTSTONE.
I'M GOING ON MY DAILY
SCIENTIFIC WALK STUDYING
THE WONDERS OF MAN.

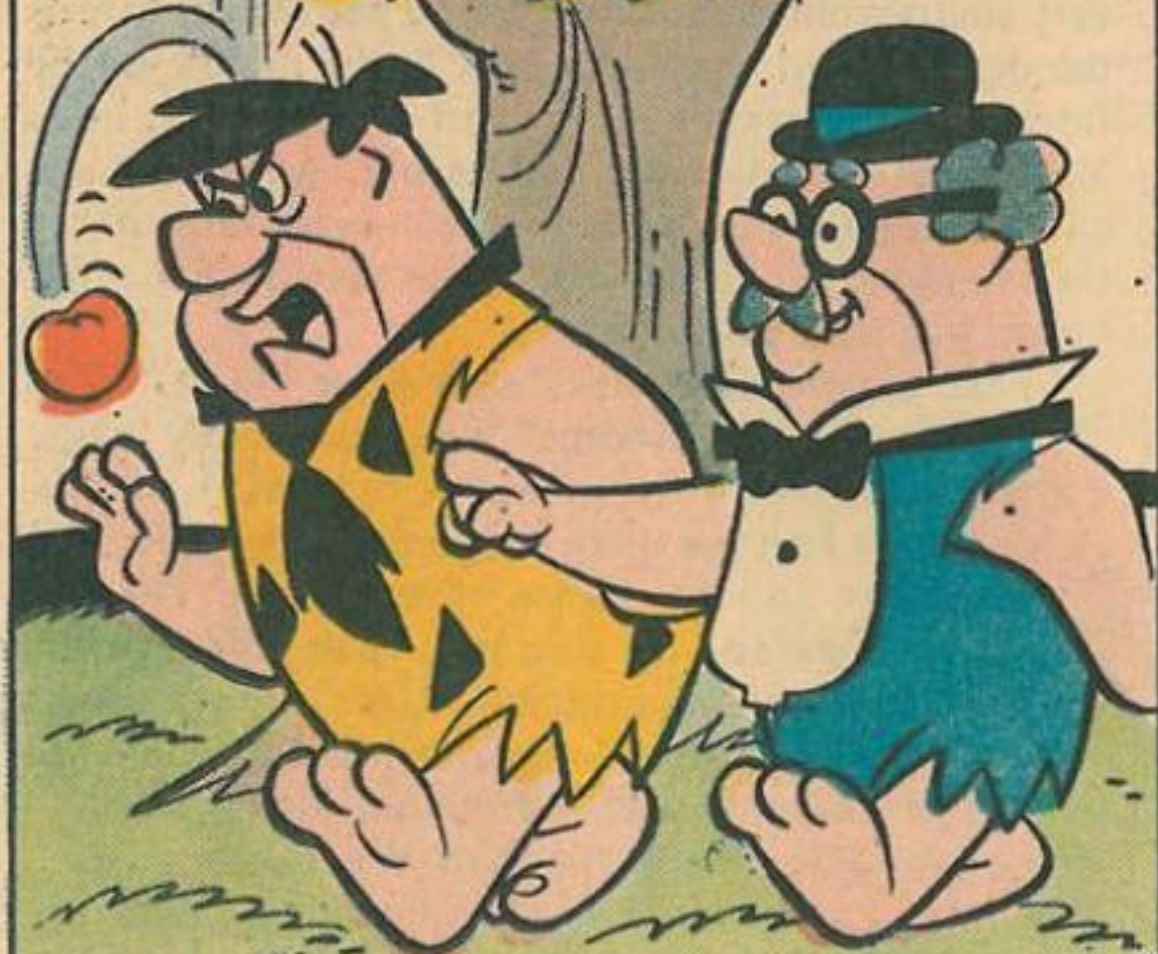
SOUNDS INTERESTING,
PROFESSOR. I'LL WALK
ALONG WITH YOU.



OUCH!
STUPID
APPLE!

TUT, TUT,
FLINTSTONE.
THAT'S GRAVITY!

CLUNK!

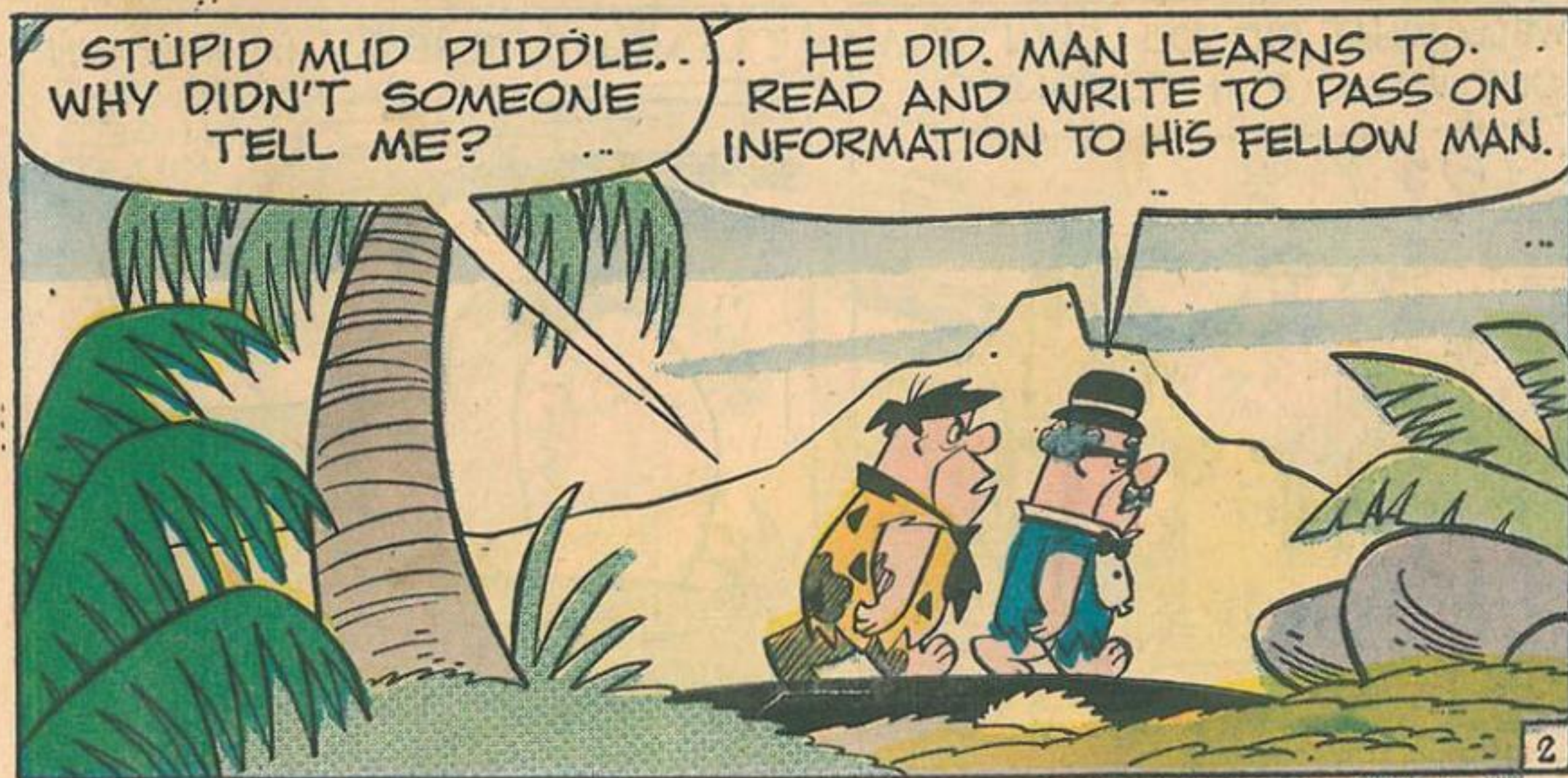


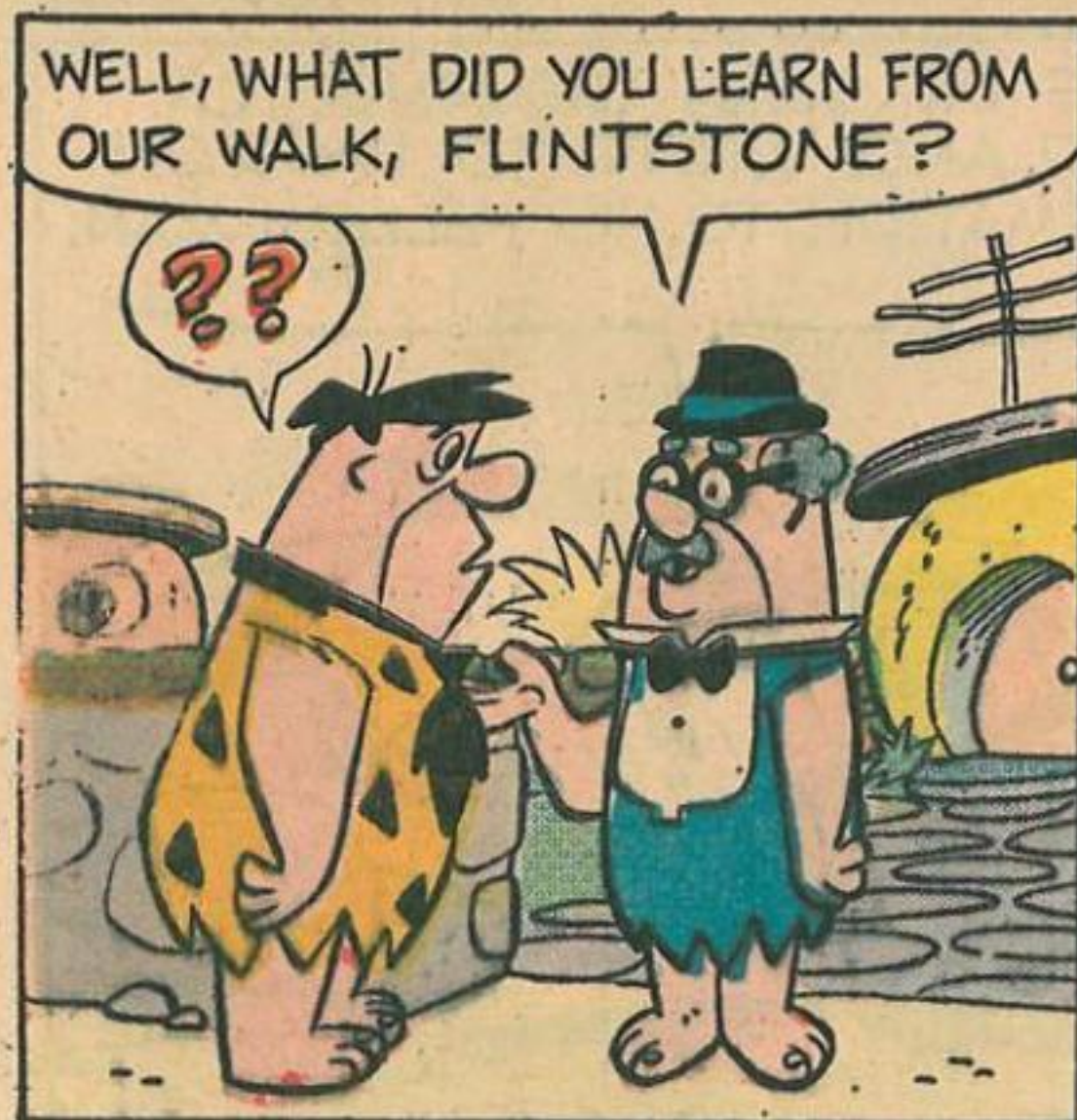
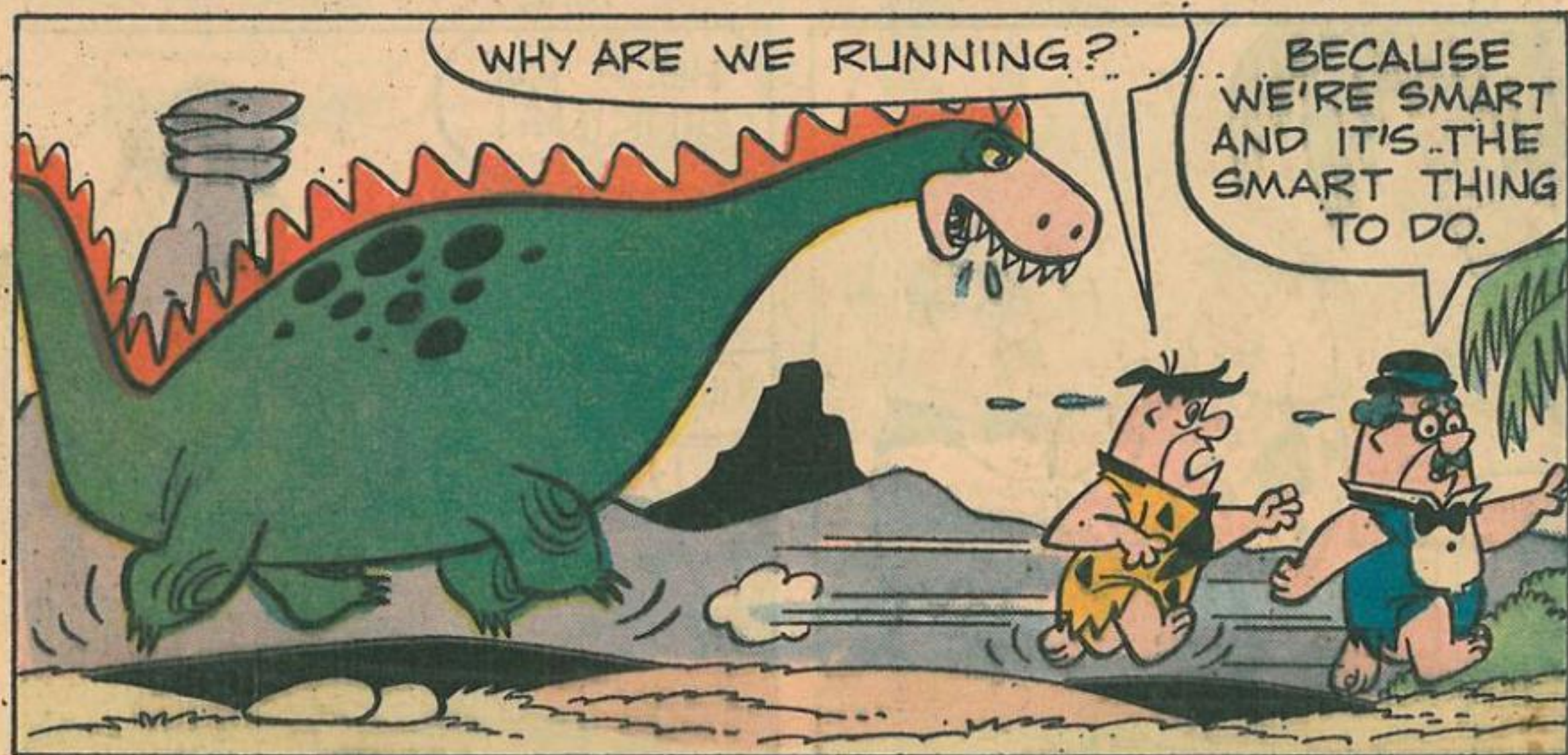
D-2811

... EVERYTHING FALLS
DOWNWARD TOWARDS
THE CENTER OF THE
EARTH.



1





The FLINTSTONES

in EMERGENCY PACKAGE

MR. SLATE IS OPENING A
NEW QUARRY ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF ROCKDALE, CLOSE
TO BOULDER CITY!

SINCE BARNEY AND I
MIGHT BE TRANSFERRED
WE'RE GOING OVER
AND TAKE A LOOK!

GWEN
KRAUSE
RAY
DIRGO



FRED, THAT'S A LONG
WAY, PLEASE BE
CAREFUL! WHEN
WILL YOU BE HOME?

I DOUBT WE
CAN MAKE IT
BACK TONIGHT,
WILMA, JUST
EXPECT US WHEN
YOU SEE US!

I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE
ANY TROUBLE FINDING
IT, FRED, I'VE NEVER
BEEN TO ROCKDALE
BEFORE!

JUST LEAVE
EVERYTHING
TO ME, BARNEY,
I KNOW *JUST*
WHERE I'M
GOING!



